

the Monster Times

ANOTHER FALSE STEP FORWARD FOR MANKIND . . .

*There's nothin'
I can do for you here,
Buddy, it's gonna have
to go to the shop.
These American jobs
just don't hold up
to that kind
of wear & tear . . .*

*You're lucky you
got this far, Mac . . .*

I mean, in a crate like that . . .



the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 9

PAGE 1



Until then, Live Long and Prosper!

Allan -

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This issue's hideous cover is the Metaluna Mutant, creature from **THIS ISLAND, EARTH**. The centerfold, too, is based upon the film . . . another fantastic poster from the staff of The Monster Times (Lynne Gildensoph in particular), to you.

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THIS ISLAND, EARTH!

BY MARK
FRANK

The decade of the fifties saw the release of many high-quality motion pictures with a science fiction theme and, of those studios caught up in the sci-fi boom, Universal-International provided their audiences with the widest variety of fantasy film fare. They pulverized cities with their giant insects (TARANTULA, THE DEADLY MANTIS), terrorized the seas with their grisly Gill Man (CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, REVENGE OF THE CREATURE) and initiated invasions from beyond the infinite (IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, THE MONOLITH MONSTERS). In 1955 Universal-International carried their movie-goers millions of light years across the vast expanse of space and back again to THIS ISLAND EARTH!

Come with us now, as we experience first-hand the strange experiences of scientist Cal Meacham. We'll meet the same strange team of scientists, and discover sinister secrets of destruction. YOU ARE THERE, thanks to the magic of The Monster Times, as Meacham's adventure begins.



Cal Meacham should have been dead. Although the young nuclear scientist was well-versed in the handling of jet planes, and had piloted many in the past, there's very little one can do when the controls fuse together, locking the plane in a nose-dive rendezvous with death.

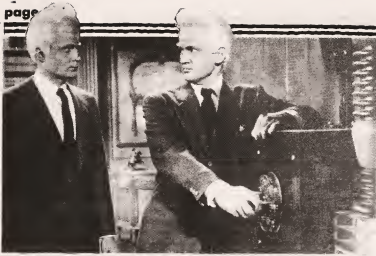


Meacham meets Exeter, moments before the Interceptor explodes

Very little one can do, except sit back and pray.

But someone, it seemed, was listening for prayers that day. Someone enveloped the dying plane in a luminous green glow. Someone eased and guided the wounded metal bird back to the safety of Mother Earth. Someone . . . or something.

Later that day, Cal and his assistant, Joe Wilson, blew out an electrical condenser while performing an



Cal notices that a number of people have Exeter's characteristic high forehead and grey hair. Of course only Brack (L) seems hostile. Unknown to Meacham and the others, Brack has talked Exeter into spying upon them with the intercor. When the Earthmen start reasoning that Exeter and his people may be up to no good, Exeter reluctantly agrees with Brack. The time to control the minds of the Terrans has come!

experiment in Cal's electronics lab. Checking the replacements they had ordered, the scientists discovered tiny bead-like devices that operated with the same capacity as their previous condenser. While neither was aware from whence they had originated, Cal realized that such condensers could be used to build a generator that would supply electric power to an entire factory, yet take up no more space than a matchbox!

The following morning brought a new chapter to the mystery, when the postman delivered an electronics catalog filled with devices which are totally foreign to them. Among them was a something called an "intercor," which could be assembled from 2,486 separate parts. Cal ordered these parts by teletype, the same way he had ordered the condensers, figuring that someone intercepted the messages and sent the strange equipment. The parts arrived and, with painstaking precision, Meacham managed to put the fantastic device together. The completed machine stood ten feet high with a triangular viewing screen at the top. As Joe plugged the machine in, the screen began to glow and the formidable features of a strange man thereupon took form. Silver haired, with a high, bulging high-domed forehead, the man spoke with a metallically warm voice:

"Congratulations. You have successfully accomplished your task, Dr. Meacham. You've assembled an intercor, a feat of which few men are capable."

"Who are you?" asks the startled scientist.

"I am called Exeter. I'm a scientist,



Cal and Ruth flee from the strange house, and witness the horrible death of Dr. Carlson.

like yourself. I represent a group which is seeking scientists of exceptional ability. All prospects must pass an aptitude test, which you've just done."

Taking advantage of Meacham's scientific curiosity, Exeter invited him to join his research team. Then, as the image on the intercor faded, the machine exploded to electronic dust.

FLYING BLIND

A plane with no pilot to which Cal was ordered carried the curious scientist to Exeter's secluded plantation workshop in Georgia. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a lovely lass from his academic past, Dr. Ruth Adams. It is she who provided a cook's tour of the comfortable and well-equipped facilities, introducing Cal to the other members of the scientific team. Among them is Brack, one of Exeter's assistants, who sported the same high forehead and silver hair as his colleague.

When Exeter entered, he explained to Meacham that the far-reaching goal of his organization is to put an end to war. They hoped to accomplish this idealistic goal by providing the world with unlimited energy and fantastic scientific devices, such as the intercor. Both Cal and Ruth were asked to continue with their research on the conversion of lead into uranium for atomic power.

But something is wrong. Perhaps it's the enthusiasm all the scientists professed for the mysterious project. Perhaps "was

the malevolent glint in Brack's eye as he appraised the new arrival. Perhaps it was just intuition, but Meacham decided that there was more to Exeter than meets the eye.

In the privacy of his laboratory, supposedly protected from the prying intercor by thick lead shields, Meacham expressed his suspicions to Ruth and another scientist, Steve Carlson. They confessed their own ill-feelings, and also their fears: everyone else on the team had undergone a "treatment" under Exeter's Thought Transformer and emerged without their will to resist. But the Transformer also destroyed initiative, something Exeter appeared to need in Meacham, Carlson and Adams.

AMAZING JOURNEY

The trio of scientists decided to make a break from the installation in a truck. As Carlson drove down the road, the echoing sound of a gigantic nuclear reactor flooded their ears, and they saw through horrified eyes a tremendous flying saucer rise from within a hollow mountain. In a blinding flash of atomic destruction, the massive secret laboratory is reduced to rubble. A second death ray disintegrated Carlson and the truck only seconds after Cal and Ruth jumped to safety. Their flight was but futile, they attempted to escape in a small private plane. No sooner were they airborne than the saucer blasted forth a green tractor beam that pulled the plane up...into the spacecraft!



The shocked couple watch: gigantic saucer float lazily upward from under a huge hill. Cal, a skilled pilot, borrows a light plane and flies off with Ruth. But a green beam draws them into the saucer. Exeter tries to calm them down, tells them they are in no danger. Shortly after, they become the first Earthmen ever to see their planet from outside the atmosphere. The wonders of the stars whiz past them at fantastic speed....

It's incredible, Exeter... Hardly feels like we're moving, yet we're thousands of miles out into space.





This process is necessary ... don't worry; it's quite painless! You'd be crushed to a jelly without it.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

As the saucer hurtled through space, it passed through a Thermal Barrier which raised the internal temperature and caused fires to rage on the hull. Exeter led Cal and Ruth to an area of the ship containing large vertical glass tubes. He explained that the atmospheric pressure of Metaluna is like that under earth's greatest oceans. To enter Metaluna's orbit without going through "Conversion" would mean being crushed to death. Moments before entering the tubes themselves, the two earthlings observed the Conversion process: bodies held rigid in a magnetic field seemed to melt away, turn translucent and display a living skeleton and the pulsating organs beneath.

With Conversion complete, Meacham and Ruth went to the Stellar Scope to witness their approach to the planet Metaluna. There they watch as two giant meteors fill the screen and head on collision course straight toward them. Exeter activates disintegrator rays which destroy the meteors and explains that they are being guided toward the saucer by spacecraft from the planet Zahgon, which was once a comet.

Metaluna appeared on the StellarScope, a dry crusted, dead world, surrounded by a force field on which Zahgon meteors impacted with huge explosions.

"What you are observing," said Exeter, "may well be the beginning of the end for our world. The Zahgon meteors are beginning to get through our ionized layer. That haze... a field of intense radiation. As you can well imagine, such a screen requires the output of great amounts of atomic energy. We need uranium in gigantic quantities. Our

Continued on page 29



Because of the fantastic atmospheric pressures of Metaluna, passengers must undergo atomic conversion before landing, Exeter explains. "Without it, you would be crushed to a jelly."

Under the atomic vapors, Ruth and Cal feel their clothes, muscles, flesh and bones momentarily become energy. For a few moments they do not exist at all. Then, with relief, they breathe deeply and step off their magnetized platforms. Feeling strange, almost weightless and filled with wonder, they watch the incredible spectacle of a world being destroyed by giant meteors and destructive rays.



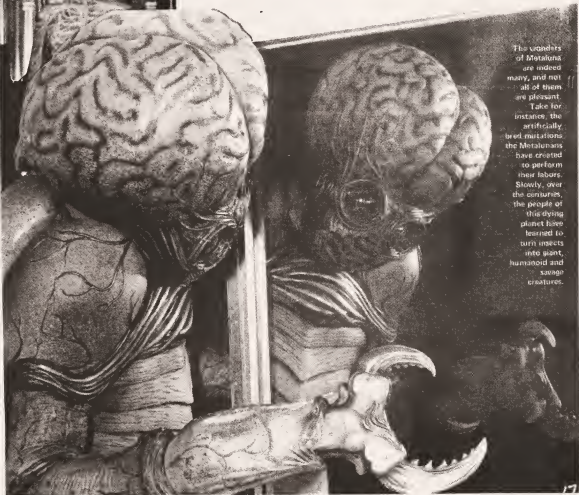
"I'm sorry that our visit below had to be terminated so dramatically," Exeter smiled as his "passengers" were herded to the control room, "but time allowed for nothing else. I can assure you that we mean you no harm."

"Like Steve Carlson and the others in that house," shouted Meacham.

"What happened was beyond my control."

"What happened was mass murder!" Exeter spoke quietly.

"The two of you are beginning a strange journey. A journey that no earth people have ever undertaken before. Whether you consider me a devil or a saint is unimportant. What is important is that you're here, on this spaceship. We're going to a planet we call... Metaluna."



The vapors of Metaluna are indeed many, and not all of them are pleasant. Take for instance, the metallic, steel multitudes the Metalunans have created to perform their labors. Slowly, over the centuries, the people of this dying planet have learned to turn insects into giant, humanoid and... creatures.

SCIENCE FICTION IN THE COMIX

If they ever hold a convention for old retired science fiction heroes, it's a sure bet that a lot of those heroes will come from the crumbling, yellowed comics pages of the fifties, and the even yellower pages of the newspaper strips.

Comics and science fiction have been together a long time. Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Adam Strange and Captain Comet are only some of the few to have risen from the pages of comics and newspapers to make their mark on

the science fiction world.

Sometimes the science fiction in comic books were funny. Other times they had a twist in sad ending (like the man who killed a monster, only to find by some strange quirk of fate that the

monster was his son), and other times they were journeys into new worlds, new galaxies and new adventure.

Gary Brown is a long-time comic fan, and in the following article he recounts the long and illustrious relation comics and science fiction has had over the years. So, put on your best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, 'cause the ship's about to land, and we've got to get to Ming's palace in a hurry.

BY GARY BROWN

Science fiction in comic books—a natural, right?

Well, almost, but don't expect anyone to agree with you completely on the subject. Throughout the history of comic books, science fiction has encountered an enthusiastic, but very rocky road. Despite the fact that sci-fi themes and stories have been used in every way possible by the comics, from super-heroes to funny animals, they have rarely been successful. Throw in a few monsters or a couple of muscle bound heroes though and the sci-fi formula seems to click. The mere traveling from planet to planet and firing a few ray gun blasts seem almost passe in this age of Apollo.

The first successful attempt at translating science fiction into comic form came in 1929 with the Buck Rogers newspaper strip. The idea proved popular enough to pave the way for one



"No, I don't want any," screams Ming the Merciless. But Flash and Dale gave him plenty, anyway... plenty of trouble, that is!



He flew through the air with the greatest of ease, even before Flash Gordon did... BUCK ROGERS!

of the all-time American classics, Flash Gordon. Flash was a combination of all the proper ingredients of high adventure, new frontiers, superb artistry, beautiful women and the task of over-coming a seemingly unbeatable foe. Consequently, this formula was used to set the pattern for most, if not all, of the sci-fi stories in comics.

Planet Comics, published by Fiction House, first appeared in January 1940 and featured a running account of outer space agents, heroes

and monsters. Flint Baker, Auro-Lord of Jupiter, Red Comet, Reef Ryan, The Space Rangers, Gale Arden and her Girl Squadron, Futura, John Martin, Star Pirate, Mars-God of War, Mystra and Hunt Bowman were the weird assortment of strips chronicled in the pages of Planet Comics. In the finest Flash Gordon tradition, the stories in Planet had their share of heroes fighting for (or with) a beautiful young lady. The villains were some of the most gruesome monsters ever to be drawn for comics, and each cover featured them running off with the heroine or tangling with the hero on some rock-dotted planetoid. Yeah, Planet had some of the greatest covers. Never artistic wonders, but the kind of cover which almost dared you to buy the comic to see how things were going to work out. It didn't matter how the insides looked, as long as the cover came across. The secret behind Planet were the covers... and the trance they put you in.

When Planet Comics faded into deepest space in the late 1940's, other companies picked up their formula: Avon Comics began a line of science fiction books which were for the most part, carried by the young team of Wallace Wood and Joe Orlando. Both were artists on the

late, lamented Ec Comics. Titles like Captain Science, Space Detective, Strange Worlds, Eerie, Rocket to the Moon, and Flying Saucers slowly began to hit the comic racks throughout the country. Although mostly typical sci-fi comics, early Avon is perhaps best remembered for Wood's 1951 adaptation of Ralph Milne Farley's "An Earthman on Venus." It was instrumental in changing the comic book approach to outer space and the men who rocket through it.



PLANET COMICS... the magazine that brought you the first female astronaut wearing the last word in outer space clothing.

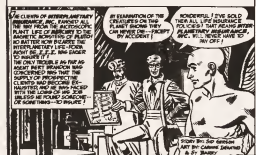
About this same time, the E.C. Line of Comics changed a romance comic called Saddle Romances into Weird Science and turned A Moon... A Girl... Romance... into Weird Fantasy. Instead of having a girl look at the moon... they decided to draw her on it! E.C. continually said they were, "... most proud of our science fiction magazines!" and they indeed proved it. The fact is, the E.C. sci-fi books never



"... but how the heck do you turn it on?" An example of the fantastic gadgetry created by fantastic Wally Wood for the E.C. INCREDIBLE sci-fi comics back in the '50's.

sold well enough to merit continued publication, and the company had to rely on the profits from their horror books to keep the outer space stuff going. Producing good sci-fi became almost an obsession with the E.C. people. After several

INTERPLANETARY INSURANCE, INC.



One of the D.C. line of comics, which featured sci-fi artwork by Carmine Infantino (Now Pub for the Superman family).

years the two sci-fi books were combined into one title, *Weird-Science Fantasy*, then later changed to *Incredible Science Fiction* in a last ditch effort to keep the rockets burning.

E.C. has been looked upon as the ultimate in science fiction comic books. Not only was their artwork superb, but the stories were far from the same old plot re-done in a different setting. The E.C. writers and artists put everything they had into the sci-fi books. Check up our next M.T. issue for the full story of E.C. comics. It's an all E.C. issue.

The thing that was different about the E.C. stories was the way in which the characters were presented. The themes basically were the same, but it was repeatedly emphasized that just because some creature from another planet was large, ugly and different, it did not necessarily mean he was vicious and dangerous. The villains in the E.C. stories were often greedy, ignorant earthmen who felt they ruled the universe.

In one E.C. story, "Counter-Clockwise," an earth man and his son run into a large-headed beetle climbing out of a space ship. For protection, the father pulls out a gun and kills the gesturing creature, thus saving them from certain death. Later, as the boy grows up, he joins the space patrol and winds up stranded on

Carefully developed stories, together with creative creatures who weren't always the buddies, made E.C. comics different from all the others. Devices such as time warps, and parallel worlds provided some trick endings that would have even fooled Hitchcock.



Copyright (c) 1963 by I.C. Publishing Co.

a barren asteroid. Over a number of years he manages to fix his ship, but not before contracting a weird, spore-like disease which spreads over his body. By the time he blasts off, he is horribly infected. In returning to earth, his ship cracks the time barrier. Crawling out of his ship, he finds a man and a boy looking at him. Suddenly realizing that the pair is his father and himself as a young boy, he begins to try and stop them from shooting... but too late.

It was this type of intricate story which made E.C. different from the other comic book companies producing sci-fi. E.C. stuck to tradition, but did not back away from giving it a new and different twist. It was something different for both science fiction and comic books. They capped it off by adapting several stories by Ray Bradbury, and even though they were done without the author's permission, he consented to allow them to do additional

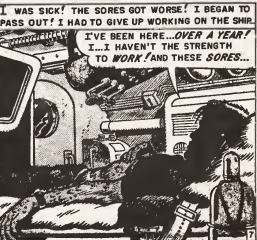


What is it? Is it good or evil, or somebody's son? With an E.C. story, you could never tell.

adaptations because the first few were so well done.

The E.C. sci-fi comics eventually had to be dropped and the rest of the E.C. books slowly fell from sight.

The only other companies regularly producing sci-fi in the late 1950's were National and Marvel. The Marvel books were a curious mixture of monsters, magic and science fiction.



Copyright (c) 1963 by I.C. Publishing Co.

From such books as *Strange Tales*, *Tales to Astonish* and *Tales of Suspense* came tales of weird aliens and monsters with—naturally—"tail tails."

The lead story in the Marvels usually featured the attack of some humongous monster on civilized man. "Colossus the Stone Giant," "Gruto-the Creature from Nowhere," and "Orogo-The Nightmare from Outer Space" were a few of the uninvited tourists. They all followed a suspiciously familiar plot-line of having one man (an adventurer or scientist or mere common farmer) conquer that month's creature, in spite of public fear and ridicule. Familiar sure, but a lot of fun. The gang at



One of the many horrible creatures who have unsuccessfully challenged THE FANTASTIC FOUR. Drawn by that creator of creatures, men and gods... Jack Kirby.

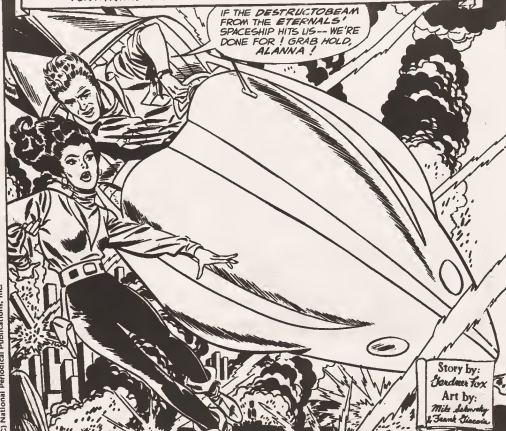
Marvel continually managed to come up with the weirdest assortment of monstrosities imaginable.

In the form of a sort of "Monster's Lib," the big human hero no longer got the top billing. Instead of a "Flint Baker," or "Captain Science," it was now "Gargantus" and "Kraa-the Unhuman" getting all the cover credit and the big lettering. The big hugs never had it so good.

This unusual mixture of comic themes paved the way for Marvel's "Super-Hero Sixties." The most scientifically oriented of the lot was "The Fantastic Four." Acquiring their powers by rocketing through a strange radiation belt which circled earth, they went on to meet foes on the moon, in microscopic mini-worlds and in deepest outer space. Leader Reed Richards is, as everyone knows, a scientist... but he is not content in being the everyday, run-of-the-mill lab flunky. Reed spends his time building flying cars and mixing outlandish formulas for "The Thing" to drink. If there is one super-hero group with their roots deep in science and science fiction it is the FF. Who else could tackle a ten-story giant who devours planets named Galactus?

Perhaps the most interesting treatment of science fiction in the comics has been that of National. Beginning in 1950 with *Strange*

ACROSS 25 TRILLION MILES OF SPACE THE PLANET RANN CIRCLES THE STAR-SUN ALPHA CENTAURI -- SURELY A STRANGE PLACE TO FIND A PRESENT-DAY EARTHMAN! AND YET... TRANSPORTED BODILY ACROSS THAT GREAT GULF OF SPA-E, ADAM STRANGE ARRIVES ON RANN IN TIME TO CHALLENGE THE INVASION OF THE ETE'NALS -- SUPER-SCIENTIFIC CREATURES WHO RUTHLESSLY DESTROY WHATEVER OP-POSES THEM IN THEIR QUEST FOR A FANTASTIC CITY THAT HAS NOT EXISTED IN 1000 YEARS!



(C) National Periodical Publications, Inc.

Teleportation sure made a hit with ADAM STRANGE, uniting him with his far-away sweetheart Alanna on the Planet Rann, clear out the other side of Alpha Centauri. This still is from the very first Adam adventure.

Adventures and running through such titles as *Mystery in Space*, the current *From Beyond the Unknown* and a mish-mash of horror and mystery titles, the sci-fi from DC has been some of the most constant in comic books. All the stories flow within the same structured universe,

DC has published a story of science fiction and a number of years later it actually becomes fact! To do this takes more than just a lucky guess on an author's part. It takes knowledge and someone able to turn cold facts into the probabilities they reflect.



(C) National Periodical Publications, Inc.

The very first of the D.C. space heroes, CAPTAIN COMET did his fair share of fighting interstellar menaces.

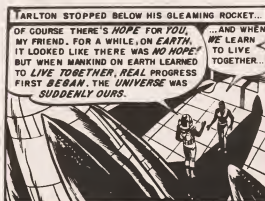
whether they were about life on earth, the future or a visit to some distant planet. It was not so much that every story related to each other, but rather they never stepped so far out of the realm of possibility that the result was laughable. Their aliens were logical and their monsters always bred out of purpose, rather than to merely terrify. Much of the credit for the handling of the DC sci-fi books must go to Julius Schwartz, National's editor, and publisher of sci-fi's first fan magazine.

Schwartz knows his comics and his science. There have been a number of occasions where

Like the other companies, National has had their share of the space heroes. The first was "Captain Comet" and he turned out to be more than just a strong, good-guy. The good Captain ALWAYS had a plausible explanation when he managed to overcome whatever alien menace was terrifying earth at the time. He defeated his adversaries through logic and science, and rarely had to resort to fist-fights or gun battles.

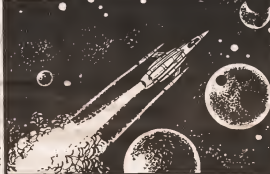
The most popular of all the NATIONAL's sci-fi heroes has to be "Adam Strange." Regularly zipping to the planet Rann by a weird device called the Zeta beam, Adam donned his

Space...just one of the final frontiers!



THE SHIP ROARED UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY...IT ROARED INTO THE INFINITE VOID OF SPACE...INTO THE ENDLESS COSMIC VACUUM! IT ROARED TOWARD GLORIOUS EARTH...

AND INSIDE THE SHIP, THE MAN REMOVED HIS SPACE HELMET AND SHOOK HIS HEAD, AND THE INSTRUMENT LIGHTS HAD THE BEADS OF PER- SPIRATION ON HIS DARK SKIN TWINKLE LIKE DISTANT STARS...



The last panels from Judgement Day, a 1953 E.C. story drawn by Joe Orlando. Important issues such as justice, racism, & brotherhood, largely ignored in the '50's, were made clear first to the comic buying public. But more about the late, great classics in the next issue of the great of late Monster Times...in our special E.C. issue!

rocket flying suit and saved the Rannians more times than anyone can remember. The red-suited wonder fought his way through adventures in Showcase, Mystery in Space and currently is being reprinted in Strange Adventures. He was much like Captain Comet, in that he always managed to defeat his enemies by brain power rather than fist power. He would combine his knowledge of life on Earth with the advanced technology on Rann and always come up the winner.

The problem with Adam Strange is the same one which has plagued all other sci-fi strips...even though the feature maintained a steadfast audience of loyal fans, it never could draw enough readers to allow the book to be published without fear of low sales.

Another feature which merits mention is "Tommy Tomorrow." Tommy was an officer in

the Planeteers and provided a rather different look at the 21st Century. Interplanetary travel, space rangers and space fun in the purest sense of the word was what Tommy's strip was all about. It was rather tame in comparison with the other DC sci-fi strips.

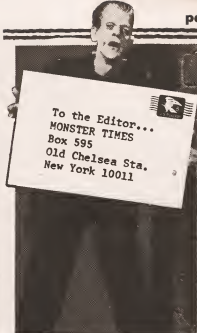
Science fiction in today's comic books has taken a somewhat submerged role. It is widely used in super-hero stories, sword and sorcery, and the numerous monster tales, but very rarely appears as pure sci-fi. The new stories are few and far between, and the words 'science fiction' are avoided. But, with so many sci-fi fans around, men going to the moon and taking close-up photos of Mars, can it be long before some distant relative of Tommy Tomorrow, Adam Strange, or even Flash Gordon comes bursting into the comics? Fasten your seat belt and check your antigravity device...

We just had to end this article with this beautiful Wally Wood illustration. It typifies the fantastic universes E.C. and science fiction comics in general opened up for us all to see.

THE SHIP ROARED OUT INTO SPACE. BEHIND IT, GREEN EARTH FADED. BEFORE IT, STARS TWINKLED IN THE BLACK GULF OF INFINITY. INSIDE THE SHIP, MARTIN AND JEAN HELD EACH OTHER CLOSE...READY FOR THE COMING STRUGGLE.



the end



To the Editor...
MONSTER TIMES
Box 595
Old Chelsea Sta.
New York 10011

The Hunchback vs.
Kong vs. Godzilla

Dear Sirs,

I think the Monster Times is great. But if it is not too much trouble, could you run the Hunchback of Notre Dame? All my friends agree with me. And could you make a movie when Godzilla beats King Kong? My favorite prehistoric monster is Godzilla. I wish you the best of luck with the Monster Times.

John Spisito Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear John:

We'll be getting around to the Hunchback one of these days, and would Godzilla ever beat King Kong. It will be on hand to film it.

BROTHER ACT?

Dear Sir:

I love Monster Times, plus I love Japanese monsters. Like Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra, Ghidra, Tazdilla, and others. But there's one monster I never saw, That's Anzila. He's the brother of Godzilla. Plus, I love to draw monsters. I hope I find Godzilla and Anzila in one of your future issues.

Ralph Johnson
Long Island City

Okay, Ralph, you're on. We will see what we can dig up on Anzila. And, if you've been following the MONSTER TIMES, you know we did a big Godzilla issue in TMT #7.

TMT GOES APE?

I liked the PLANET OF THE APES article in issue No. 4. I'm sure many other besides myself would appreciate the complete "PLANET OF THE APES" series in one of your issues and a poster of it too. OK?

Bobby Bodo
L.I., N.Y.

Due to tremendous popular demand, many hard-working TMT employees are battling away on their typewriters, coming up with all kinds of perfectly ape-ish PLANET OF THE APES material. It will be in a future issue.

CHEERS FOR "GILL"

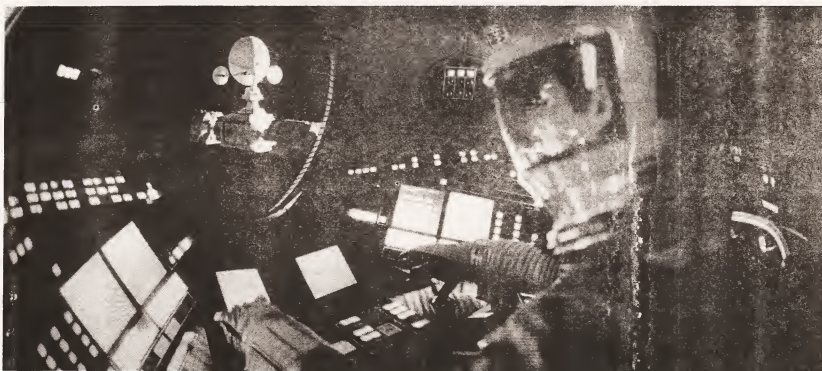
Dear Monster (Editor),

I am a new reader of The Monster Times but I think it's great. I like in issue No. 5 The Memoirs of Gilbert "Gill" Gilman. It was amusing and a cool autobiography. I was glad his autobiography was on it.

Richard Morgana

"Gill" is a good man, and he's one of TMT's favorite monsters. One of these days we're gonna convince him to take on Godzilla.

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.



"Dave. Stop. Stop. Will you. Stop. Dave. Will you stop. Dave. Stop. Dave. I'm afraid. I'm afraid. Dave. Dave."

THE MAKING OF

Stan Kubrick, MG To Film 'Journey Beyond Stars'

New York, Feb. 21. — Stanley Kubrick has joined with MGM to film "Journey Beyond Stars," based on a novel by the director and Arthur C. Clarke, to be published shortly. Bi-national film scheduled to begin Aug. 10 and will be filmed in Cinema and color.

Location sequences will be filmed in Britain, Switzerland, Africa, Germany and the United States, with interiors to be shot at the MGM studios in London. Kubrick and Clarke also will write the screenplay.

"Journey" will take place in the year 2001 and involves exploration of the solar system and discovery of extra-terrestrial intelligence. International cast of performers will be recruited.

On Monday, February 22, 1965, MGM announced that it would finance production of Stanley Kubrick's next motion-picture, JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS.

What makes a work of genius? Or, better yet . . . WHO makes a work of genius? Take The Monster Times for instance. Then how about Stanley Kubrick? The film 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY must surely be a work of genius, for the simple

Look at that! What is it—a Prehistoric Handball Court?

Who ever heard of a Handball Court that plays music?

Maybe it's a giant-size Prehistoric Transistor Radio?

Or a Dawn of Man Tape Deck?

You're ALL wrong! It's the mysterious big black thing that's supposed to excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!

Y'know, you're right! I FEEL like doing an intelligent thing . . .

I feel like QUITTING this stupid movie—RIGHT NOW!

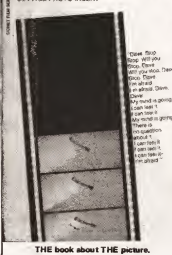


Mad Magazine's totally irreverent treatment of 2001 got mixed reviews. Mostly, it was enjoyed as a good satire of a great film. Mort Drucker went apes during this particular cartoon.



And a cartoon. Copyright © 1965 by C. M. Williams, Inc.

THE MAKING OF KUBRICK'S 2001 EDITED BY JEROME AGEL



THE book about THE picture.

reason that no one is indifferent about it. Everyone has an opinion; a very positive or negative one. Everyone . . . including Gary Gerani. Yes, once more The Great Gerani Speaks to You, you fortunate people, about 2001.

Nearly everyone by this time has seen Stanley Kubrick's film, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. The flick had a most curious effect on viewers; they either became Kubrick freaks for life or devout science fiction haters. But this seemingly endless difference of opinion serves as a word of mouth boost to the pic's prestige. What was once a movie is now an "experience." And what's an experience without a factual, up-to-date detailed account of itself . . . in paperback form?

This brings us (finally) to Jerome Agel's labor of love, THE MAKING OF KUBRICK'S 2001. Mr. Agel apparently felt that the film was popular enough to attempt such a project, and, apparently, he felt right! Piled end to end, the book's sales, like the film itself, would reach from the Earth to the moon . . . and beyond. Yesiree, people—all kinds of

people—like to read about 2001—even if it's just to laugh at all the viewers. But, in all seriousness, the book is aimed at the fanatic fans. A good alternate title would be "Everything You Wanted to Know about 2001 That You Couldn't Figure Out by Seeing the Film," since Mr. Agel's keenly edited volume traces the flick from its original 1959 story,

Clarke, a sci-fi fan as well as author, thoroughly enjoyed himself on the set with Kubrick.



The fabulous but failable H.A.L. 9000, the star member of the "DISCOVERY" crew. H.A.L.'s voice belonged to actor Douglas Rain.

"The Sentinel," to the final outcome, compared by some to a 15-year-old's surrealistic interpretation. Certainly a must for those confused viewers who left their respective theaters with hatred in their eyes and nasty words on their lips,



My mind is going. I can feel it. I can feel it. My mind is going. There is no question about it. I can feel it. I can feel it. I can feel it. I'm afraid."

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

BY GARY GERANI



"MOONWATCHER" gets helped into his costume. Yes, those incredible ape-men WERE men in suits. The makeup wasn't nominated for Oscars, probably because few people realized they weren't real apes . . . they sure are dumb in Hollywood!

in his next picture. Almost every favorable response was accompanied by a request for stills, posters and other related items. One gent even asked for a space suit.

On a more serious level, the "professional" critic's views were printed and they, oddly enough, paled in comparison with the amateur theories. To really get things rolling, leading scientists were interviewed, and despite the highly technical lingo, they were just as confused as the rest of us.



In one of the most weightless sequences ever filmed, The Blue Danube water slides a shuttlecraft into a landing on a space-station between here & the Moon.



Dave Bowman enjoys his first mortal meal, at the start of a sequence that will probably battle most cinema addicts until the end of time.

engineered and operated, and there's even a 96-page photo insert featuring scenes never before printed in still form.

All in all, Mr. Agel has come up with 367 highly informative and interesting pages. So even if you slept through the film the first time, take a gander at this thing. Who knows? You might learn a lot of things you never knew about before. You might even want to see the movie again. Well . . . you might!

From Arthur C. Clarke's "The Space Odyssey," published in 1955. "HE HAD TO LEAVE, THINKING HE'D PRESERVED HIS INDIGNANT FATHER WELL. THE STRANGER GAVE A CURIOUS LITTLE SMILE AND SAID QUIETLY, 'GOOD-NITE. HE WANTED ME, HE'LL HAVE SOME TWENTY FEET. THEN CALLED AFTER HIM IN A LOUDER VOICE: 'AND GOOD LUCK . . . ULYSSES!'"



not to mention that \$3 end in their wallets. (It's also a must for those extremely confused viewers who left after the first half hour.)

Agel valiantly gathered every bit of paraphernalia regarding the flick that one can imagine, from the MAD magazine satire to an original 1965 ad heralding the arrival of JOURNEY BEYOND THE

Kubrick's talks were most revealing. He believed that the moon was an important step in mankind's development, and that if alien beings had visited the Earth sometime in the past, a sign of their trip here might be hidden somewhere in the lunar crust. And, as in the film, this sign would serve as a warning to these outer beings—a warning that man has reached another step in his development, like the apes discovering the use of weapons during the Stone Age.

For the more computer-minded among us (Sorry—I couldn't resist!), the book explains (or tries to explain) how the intricate special effects systems were

Steve-robbing may be out of style, but fan exploitation isn't. Monster fans deserve a reliable market-test to rely upon before sending money to all-too-monstrous manufacturers. Therefore, to dull the fangs of some vespers of our industry, we at MT Unleash The Monster Market to product test items, and report accurately on them — and about the bargains, too!

IMPORTANT! If we are really going to be able to keep the monster magazines in line, we'll need your help. Please write in and tell us of your experience. In the monster market, whether it be good, bad or none of the above. Write to THE MONSTER TIMES, c/o The Monster-Market, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

PRODUCT TESTED:

The Monster Fan Club

AVAILABLE AT:

The Monster Fan Club
7214 Bergenline Avenue
North Bergen, New Jersey 07047

PRICE: \$1.00

Everyone knows a buck doesn't buy much anymore. When we were kids, it'd get you a good horror double feature. But not today. And while this issue's tested product, **THE MONSTER FAN CLUB**, won't make the President's economic program an overnight success, it isn't a bad bargain.



The Monster Ad

We have to admit that we thought the fan club was nothing more than a ploy to get our name on what is known as a "mailing list." (A mailing list is a collection of names that are sold to a manufacturer who would like to advertise his products through the mail. He buys the list, and you get tons and tons of advertisements that you never wanted or asked for. And while a lot of people love to get this "junk mail," most people would rather not get it.) We were pleasantly surprised, however. For your hard-earned greenback you get: a membership card, a large poster, some monster masks, monster pictures and a page of text material.

The membership card was rather flimsy. It was too small and too thin. It did qualify you for lifetime membership, though, and that's not all bad. However, the quality of the card being what it is, we have serious doubts that the card will last as long as our lifetime membership! And, to top it off, the card was dated 1970. Nothing like an outdated lifetime membership card!

Also in the kit were three rather thin paper masks of Wolfman, Vampire and Frankenstein. They were on very thin bond paper, and float freely on a white sheet of 8 1/2 x 11 inch paper. Apparently these semi-frightening masks were photographed from clay sculptures or an oil wash painting. And since



A MOON MONSTER ...
for a \$1 ...
(but you thought we forgot it was a space-ish).

Yes, just think, fellow moonstroities ... all these fine, mutilated mutants can be yours, for the low, low price of just one dollar. But is it really a great bargain? Yes, we think so ... read on and find out why.

Not Bad For A Buck!

no instructions as to their use was included, we assume that they were to be cut out, mounted on cardboard, tied to the head with string, and used to scare the living daylight out of people. It's not a bad item, though. You could always hold on to it for Halloween. That's right, while everyone is running around in their great Ben Cooper masks, you could covet in these crummy paper ones. Try it, you'll like it!

Also enclosed in the membership kit was a very large poster depicting a "moon" monster. The poster, on a heavy coated stock, is divided into two parts, and is frightening in

a strange way. We opened the bottom part, and all we saw were these two giant legs standing menacingly on a patch of earth (moon?). Frightening indeed! When we finally located the upper portion, we discovered our moon monster was a pretty vicious looking character. He's got ugly gray eyes, sloppy jowls, and looks very, very hungry. And that horrible leer!

When fully assembled, the poster stands six feet high and 26 inches wide. Ol' Gristle Puss is slit right above his belly button, so get out the tape gang, and paste him together. And one word of advice:

don't ever dismantle him. Trying to fold him up is like trying to re-fold a road map correctly!

The bargain package also includes a collage of 12 famous stills from horror classics. We're sure you've seen many of them (some here in past issues of THE MONSTER TIMES), but we really dug the way they looked on one giant sheet (15" by 15"). The photos are very clear and sharp, and as we said, they really look nifty on one page.

The only real klunker in the package was the bulletin that was sent along. It was supposed to give us some "news" on a forthcoming film, **THE CRIMSON CULT**. Considering the fact that **THE CRIMSON CULT** was released three years ago, and that its star, the great Karloff is dead, well ... The bulletin exhorted us not to miss what they said would be a classic Boris Karloff horror effort, but from what we remember, **THE CRIMSON CULT** was a real bomb. And it was kind of sad to see the late Karloff staring at us from the sheet.

Looking over the package, it's got enough good points to recommend it as a decent buy. While the membership card and the bulletin is outdated, the kit as a whole remains a Pretty Fair deal.

You've seen most of them in the Monster Times but they ARE PIX of some of the scariest monster make-ups ever created.



The Werewolf and Frankenstein's Monster are old fiends ... but who's the slab on the right?

The service was amazingly quick, taking only nine days for our letter to reach them, and for them to return our kit. We are still anticipating some junk mail fallout, but we won't mind it too much.

So, if you've an extra dollar around, check out THE MONSTER FAN CLUB. We don't know whether you will get anything else in the way of benefits from the club after the original membership kit, but even if you don't it remains a bargain. Just keep in mind that that dollar can get you two crass copies of THE MONSTER TIMES!

—JOE BRANCATELLI

DOIN' THE BUCK N' FLASH!

BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

In the days before space was in reality the final frontier, science was replaced by imagination and man was propelled into space to face astounding perils such as our real-life astronauts will (hopefully!) never get to meet. Starting as comic strips, **BUCK ROGERS** and **FLASH GORDON** were the super-heroes of fantastic fights, flights and fascinating adventures. *Buck* started in the comic in 1928, while *Flash* appeared in 24. The adventures of these two intrepid time travellers were filmed by Universal during the '30's and '40's and Larry "Buster" Crabbe appeared in the lead role of all the serials. *Buck* and *Flash* looked an awful lot like each other, sharing the same face, sets, belt and boots. But *Flash/Buck* were great! They remain part of the history of the fighting silver screen, and that's indelibly imbedded in our ever-lovin' minds.

These serials will be covered in detail in future issues of *The Monster Times*, but now, as part of our first science-fiction issue, we present you with a look at what they were all about.

All three **FLASH GORDON** serials had our fearless hero fighting The Emperor Ming (dubbed "King the Merciless" by his tooting subjects). *Flash*, a polo-playing college student, rubbed off to Mongo and then to Mars, flying in-out rocket ship, and meeting Hawk-Men, Beast-Men, Clay People, Forest People, Rock-Men, Shark-Men, Lion-Men, and a few assorted Shark-Ladies along the way. But it was all worthwhile, 'cause he also met delicious Dale Arden, a beautiful blond lady, always in distress. *Buster* played *Flash* as if he was a boy, totally caught up by what was happening around him, trusting everyone (apt Ming, Dale and Dr. Zerkow, the genius-scientist who invented Earth's first rocketship) got him out of the worst of jams. By the end of all the serials, most of the people who started off being *Flash*'s enemies ended up by being his boom-buddies. Earth was saved, Mongo freed from the tyranny of Ming, and *Flash* could now find a moment to finish a polo match he started many months before.

BUCK ROGERS was a test-pilot, kept in suspended animation by a new experimental gas escaping from his crashed dirigible. Awakening from a sound sleep in the 25th century, *Buck* and *Buddy Wade* this youthful co-pilot who shared all his adventures except his final quick exit with Lt. Wilma Deering are dropped into the ranks of an underground band of scientists in "The Hidden City." They had good cause to be hidden, as Earth, after a great world war, had been taken over by arch-crook "Killer Kene." *Buster* played *Buck* as a slightly resentful fellow... he never WANTED to be there fighting all those fiends. But he came through for the sake of the world, his friends, and his conscience. He finally got Killer Kene in the end (We understand that Kene won't be able to sit down for months after), and Wilma, too.

ISAC ASMOW
SCIENCE FICTION
lucky starr
and the oceans of
venus

DAVID STARR, SPACE RANGER, LUCKY STARR AND THE PIRATES OF THE ASTEROIDS, LUCKY STARR AND THE BIG SUN OF MERCURY, LUCKY STARR AND THE OCEANS OF VENUS, all by Isaac Asimov writing as Paul French, Signet, 75¢ each.

In the early 1950's, Isaac Asimov wrote a series of juvenile science fiction adventure novels about a boy named David "Lucky" Starr. They were good clean fun for the 12 to 14 set. Signet has now reprinted them, without any warning that they are intended for the juvenile audience. They are also reissued without any updating. Dr. Asimov puts prefaces into the books pointing out that, while the science in the books was accurate at the time he wrote them (that is, it fit with then-current scientific theory—much has since been disproved).

For instance, the oceans of Venus don't exist, but in 1954 scientists thought Mercury always kept one face to the sun; now they know differently. But Asimov's Venus and Mercury books are built around those wrong scientific guesses.

Ignoring the scientific errors (which isn't hard) and not expecting more than simple juvenile adventure, you can have a heck of a good time with these books. If you can't enjoy juvenile adventure, better skip these unless you are an Asimov completist.

And if you are an Asimov completist, these paperback are cause for rejoicing. The original hardcover books have been out of print for a dozen years or more.

Signet soon will bring out the other books in the series, **LUCKY STARR AND THE MOONS OF JUPITER** and **LUCKY STARR AND THE RINGS OF SATURN**. Asimov obviously intended a

book about each of the planets but never carried the series that far. These six are all there are.

Ten bucks may seem like a lot for a book but, in these days when a 180-page science fiction novel sells for \$4.95 or \$5.95, A SCIENCE FICTION ARGOSY edited by Damon Knight (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95) is the biggest bargain in years.

First, the book is huge—828 pages—and sturdily bound. The type is small so a maximum amount of wordage can be squeezed in. Knight keeps his editorial remarks down to a brief introduction to what you get is hundreds and hundreds of pages of stories.

You get twenty-four stories, including two of the best science fiction novels ever written: **THE DEMOLISHED MAN** by Alfred Bester is a crime-and-detection story about a world where crime is impossible because everyone is a telepath. It is brilliant.

The other novel, **MORE THAN HUMAN** by Theodore Sturgeon, is not just one of the best—it is the best science fiction novel ever written. As Knight has said elsewhere, it is all stained glass and violins and such beautiful writing that even after you have read it you can open it anywhere and have to hail yourself out by the scruff of the neck.

These novels alone are worth the price of the book but Knight has also thrown in twenty-two short novels, novelets and short stories, all of them at least good.

Editor Damon Knight says he set out to assemble "the kind of big meaty selection I wish someone had given me when I was a teenage science fiction addict." He has succeeded admirably. If you are a science fiction fan and have not read all or most of this book, buy it at once—go without eating for a week if you have to; you'll never find a better bargain.



Flash and co. find out what's going to happen to them, as they tune in their radio to... Flash Gordon.



Drop that

Well, fellow fans, it's time for the good of A-Bomb to explode in our pages once again, for the last part of MUSHROOM MONSTERS. Amid the smoke and the flame this time around, you'll meet the visitors from space who helped make the 1950's a little more fun-filled. So curl up and prepare to have the guts shocked out of you, as you learn about little-known masterpieces of the monstrous past.

Last time we took a look at what might happen when a world begins anew after civilization's party has been abruptly ended by a hydrogen bomb, but in this installment we'll concentrate on some films that inspired the hope that, if mankind could only be fitted with the proper global straightjacket, he might yet avoid wrecking his own asylum beyond repair. So these films were all presented as warnings, and the warnings could originate from just about anywhere; from outer space (THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL), from the as-yet-unborn generations of the future (THE FLIGHT THAT DISAPPEARED), from concerned fascists (INVASION USA) or from Mr. Big Himself (THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR). These and literally dozens of other films all had one thing in common: all were parables, illustrated lectures on

By JOE KANE

MUSHROOM MONSTERS

or: The Day The World Ended & Ended Part 5

destructive use. The message was always the same when it came to nuclear energy: use it right or lose your life.

SUPER-PATRIOT ALIENS

Some of the strangest films to emerge from the nuclear hysteria of the McCarthy Era were INVASION USA and RED PLANET MARS, paranoid right-wing propaganda films both, warning us not about our abuse of nuclear energy (and we have been the only ones to drop the Bomb, after all) but, and let them be perfectly clear about that—Russia's, Hollywood

frequently drew a dividing line on moral issues like the Bomb between what could be called "mankind" on the one hand, and Russia on the other. And these two films went pretty far in emphasizing that distinction.

INVASION USA was a homey little parable generously padded with grainy stock footage from every available wartime newsreel and revolved somewhat dizzily around a philosophical axis best expressed by the phrase "less tractors, more tanks" or maybe "no tanks, more tanks," and its science was about as on-target as its

politics. Allegedly commissioned directly by Joe McCarthy himself, this 50's relic begins with a cross-section of American worthies—a working man, a folksy bartender, a corporate creep, a rich, loudmouthed Texan, a beautiful nightclub chanteuse, and hero GERALD MOHR, a Bogart lookalike—all hanging around a Manhattan bar conversing in concerned tones about the Red Menace, the state of the state, and other bits of banter when they suddenly become aware of a mysterious young foreigner perched at the end of the bar. Before they know what's happening, the whole crew of Mr. Joneses are being hypnotized by the strange young man (played by Edward G. Robinson, Jr.) who swings a whisky glass back and forth before their eyes as a hypnotic aid. And what kind of red-blooded American would fail to be mesmerized by a half-loaded snifter full of red eye? Not this assemblage, that's for sure.



KLAATU (Michael Rennie) and Gert came to our world, and gave us the classic THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (Fox: 1951).

Well, hypnotized they are and said hypnosis quickly projects them into a shared dream-vision of a communist invasion, replete with scary, ill-mannered Russian soldiers parachuting onto our sacred soil, smashing our picture window, trampling our neatly-trimmed lawns, burning our cities, pillaging

bomb, Doctor, there's a God behind you with a bigger one!

our supermarkets, littering our freeways, raping our women, mutilating our language (as if we don't do that good enough already) and generally piling atrocity upon shocking atrocity. Anyway, the Red-eyed harpies awoken with a renewed resolve to step up Defense production, nix the soft policy, and man, then do the flags fly.

GOD, 1950's SUPERSTAR

If INVASION USA sounds unlikely, RED PLANET MARS takes it even further. This one's got a drunken, power-crazed Red Commie Nazi zany up in the mountains where he is jamming radio stations all over the world with his secret devil's equipment and playing God through a series of special broadcasts. Among other things, this self-styled Oral Roberts (that self-styled Billy Graham) inspires such incredible events as a Christian religious revival in Godless Russia, including public processions of priests & flocks in their Sunday sackcloth finery, but, unfortunately, the red police make the holy a good deal holier with rapid bursts of machine-gun fire. THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR sidesteps the outrageous plot contrivances of RED PLANET MARS by dealing directly with the Real God, who also takes over a universal radio spot. They cop out too, however, and you never actually get to hear the voice (although Broderick Crawford would probably have been good in the role, seeing as how he knows tough) but everyone in the film

seems to be pretty shaken up about it. Maybe He's just a State of Mind after all. At any rate, the film doesn't offer any solid clues as to His actual whereabouts and ends pretty ambiguously.

Films dealing with warnings from within were usually concerned with things like the possibility of accidental nuclear attacks (dramatized in FAIL-SAFE, a tense if unbelievable thriller, and satirized in DR. STRANGELOVE OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE

The TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE decided to do something about the generation gap, and started to kill off all the adults they could find.



THEY BLAST THE FLESH OFF HUMANS!

BOMB, which took the entire subject to its extreme, and maybe most logical, conclusion), runaway warheads (THE LOST MISSILE), autonomous nuclear energy run amok (MAGNET MONSTERS), and an internal build-up of frustrated atomic power within the earth's core (THE NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED). As usual, films like the last-mentioned failed to deliver what their titles promised and most of the bombs that Hollywood dropped exploded in the theaters themselves or within the weary heads of hapless audiences. Although a warning is naturally implied in every film about nuclear energy, this particular group relied on the plot of a direct challenge, whether it was offered by a visitor from outer space (DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE) from within (THE DAMNED, DR. STRANGELOVE) or a deadly course taken by Nature itself (VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, when the Van Allen Radiation Belt goes berserk).

THE LONE RANGER WITH A FLYING SAUCER

Undoubtedly the major classic to emerge from this genre was THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, directed by Robert Wise. The film featured Michael Rennie as a

well-intentioned envoy from an emotionally superior and technologically advanced civilization dispatched to Earth to halt nuclear production on the tight little planet. Aided and abetted by his expressionless companion Gort, a robot with a heart of lead, Rennie becomes involved in a number of adventures, becoming friendly with a widow (Patricia Neal) and her son and eventually cutting off the Earth's power supply to demonstrate that he means business. For once the title of a horror film really delivers—the Earth actually does stand still for awhile. As usual, though, the misguided Earthlings see the visitor as just another cosmic Long Ranger with a flying saucer in place of a horse and soon enough they are left to their own devices once again, confused anew but not quite convinced.

While, by all standards, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL was a fine film, most of the offspring of the nuclear-minded Hollywood moguls were pretty forgettable. For every DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL and FORBIDDEN PLANET there were five TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE, KILLERS FROM SPACE, CAPE CANAVERAL MONSTERS, TENA ZOMBIES and ROCKETS ATTACK USA's. This



Whuh box has the surprise made? They all will, when the fabulous 1950s secret of the alien is discovered on THE 27TH DAY.

should no longer be surprising, of course, and few complaints from the drive-in crowd have ever been registered over titles like the above. But then anyone who watches the flick at a drive-in is going against tradition and is little better than a heretic anyway.

All in all, aside from a good deal of destruction, hysteria, righteous editorializing, spying, sermonizing and a fallout shelter-building, the Bomb inspired little of value, including relatively few films of

Continued on page 26



"Science-Fiction in the Cinema"
Published by A. Zwemmer Ltd.,
London & A.S. Barnes and Co.,
New York.

Are you a real freaked out fan who has not only seen every creature who ever crawled (flew, slithered, lumbered, what have you) across the screen? Do you already know the "how they did it" angle of models and animation? Waal now... a person of your erudition can probably skip most of "Science Fiction in the Cinema" without much loss.

That leaves the rest of us. Just plain fans who enjoy science-fiction, monsters, sword-and-sorcery and such things. We are left to digest "a complete review of Science Fiction films from 'A Trip to the Moon' (1902 to '2001: A Space Odyssey'", (1968 if you must know). All of this is jammed into a little over 200 pages, along with an introduction, a chapter on S-F for television and over 60 fotos. Which doesn't leave a helluva lotta space for writing critical reviews. If the author, John Baxter, had stuck to listing and describing the films there would have been room for a lot more stills. Movies are made to be seen, and having too few pictures in a book about films is just plain stupid.

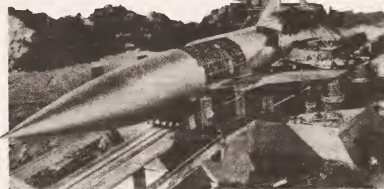
Since there isn't another book like it around, "Science Fiction in the Cinema" is a great book. It has a lot of material on very old films and has at least something to say about every film anyone could think of. For this much every fan is truly grateful. The problem is that the author (John Baxter—remember?) wasn't satisfied to write for fans only and tried

Master Thief
(John Philip Law),
the only man
in the world
with an atomic
wet suit, in
the fantastic
Paramount
thriller
**DANGER:
DIABOLIQUE.**



Company ENTER-
TAINED vast num-
bers of people. They
were fun to watch—
and almost as much
fun to read about.

SCIENCE FICTION in THE CINEMA



This air-conditioned spaceship, when finished, saved some of the human race for a new start in WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.

to make his book appeal to serious students of film. In order to qualify as a serious student of film, one has to be able to say a lot about such things as the "role" of S-F film. This stuff properly belongs in another book. Anyhow, there is a lot of good stuff in there for any fan with the patience to read around the artsy verbiage.

A perfect example of the difference between what the book tried to do and what it should have done can be found in the chapter about "Things to Come" a 1936 film with a script by S-F pioneer author H.G. Wells.

Since "Things To Come" had a script by Wells and was directed by William Cameron Menzies, it becomes an important film. Even though the best that H.G. Wells could say about it was that it was "a film of occasional brilliance," he devotes 14 long and somewhat boring pages to it. It seems that the main trouble was the fact that H.G. Wells for all his brilliance as a writer of S-F novels had no idea whatever of the ins and outs of writing for films. And William Cameron Menzies was famous as a scene designer, not as a director.

Why, then, does it take 14 pages to tell

that? Because the author was busy ego-tripping. Why he had to belabor Wells' political ethics instead of putting in a few more stills from this film is beyond me.

The very next chapter is called "The Serials" and is one of the best in the book. When "Science Fiction in the Cinema" isn't trying to sound like a college textbook, it comes off much better. This is probably because Baxter realized that no way no how could he make the serials appear to be serious cinema.

They were movies! They were 100% pure unadulterated schlock. Everything was wrong with them that could be wrong. Yet, in spite of the zilch dialog, obvious stunt men, wretched editing, and constant re-use of the same stock

footage
Flash
Gordon,
Buck
Rogers,
and



Karlhoff and Lugosi have a nice, quiet talk before they try to kill each other in THE INVISIBLE RAY (1936).

Fortunately, no one really gave a damn where the creatures came from. The real stars of the creature flicks were the special effects and make-up people. S-F in the Cinema does a great job of discussing this type of film.

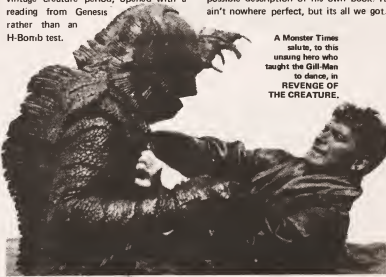
The Chapter on "2001: A Space Odyssey" is one of the worst. 2001 drew a large audience. People who wouldn't be caught dead at a creature flick mobbed theatres showing Kubrick's "ultimate trip". Most of this crowd never heard of S-F author Arthur C. Clarke. They were interested in the optical work, the effects such as the upside down steward, and the "gadgets" like HAL 9000. Yet, John Baxter insists on filling in the "story" of 2001, and wasting several pages on how its gadget and devices make 2001 more S-F than film.

If this isn't enough to convince a reader that something went wrong in the planning of the book, the treatment of "Forbidden Planet", should be more than enough. Would you believe that the super star of "Forbidden Planet", Robby the Robot is dismissed as a left over from the gadget crazy era of the serials while space is wasted explaining certain similarities between "Forbidden Planet" and Shakespeare's play "The Tempest"?

Since there isn't any other book available on Science Fiction movies, I strongly recommend reading "S-F in the Cinema". It is full of all sorts of goodies such as the Chapters on the oldest films and foreign films. The British films and TV series get very good coverage. There is incidentally, a British edition which is very much better than the American edition. The reproduction of the stills is so much better that it is more than worth the time to hunt around for the British edition. Probably any large book store will have it and the price is just about the same. Be warned.

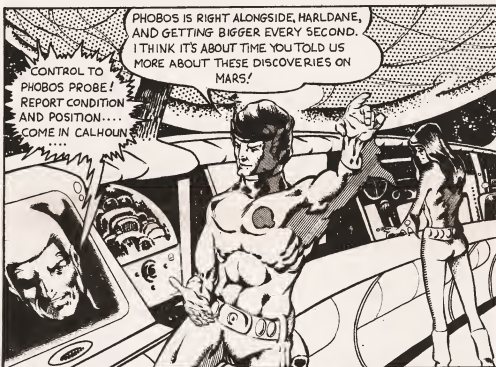
The Chapter on S-F in TV will probably enrage every trekkie as it did this one, but what Baxter had to say about Star Trek is also probably the best possible description of his own book. It ain't nowhere perfect, but it's all we got.

A Monster Times
salute, to this
unsung hero who
taught the Gill-Man
to dance, in
REVENUE OF
THE CREATURE.

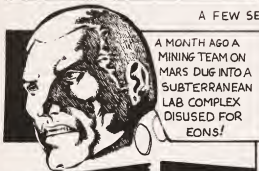


STARSHIP

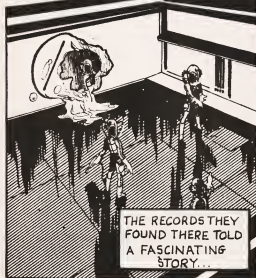
THE SHIP FLASHED BETWEEN THE PLANETS AND CURVED INTO ORBIT... MISSION: TO LAND ITS CREW OF TWO ON PHOBOS AND FOLLOW UP A DISCOVERY MADE ON MARS. THE CREW KNEW NO MORE THAN THAT... INSIDE THE SHIP JIM CALHOUN HAD MADE CONTACT WITH MISSION CONTROL....



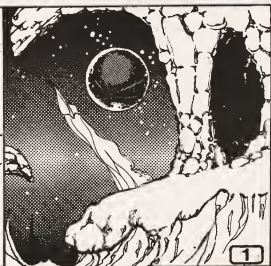
A FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE.....THE MAJOR'S GRAVEL VOICE RASPS....



A MILLION YEARS AGO OUR GALAXY WAS INVADED! MARS WAS THE ONLY PLANET ADVANCED ENOUGH TO RESIST! A GIGANTIC SPACE WAR RAGED. THE MARTIANS DEVELOPED A RADIATION BOMB...



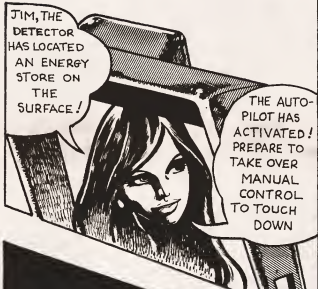
THE WEAPON WAS DESIGNED TO REDUCE THE ALIENS TO BARBARIAN LEVEL! THE FINAL BATTLE WAS A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST WHICH WIPED OUT MOST OF THE ALIENS. THE FEW WHO REMAINED WERE DEEPLY AFFECTED BY THE BOMBS' RAYS AND WERE ABANDONED ON A TINY WORTHLESS WORLD TO LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES AS CAVE DEWELLERS.....



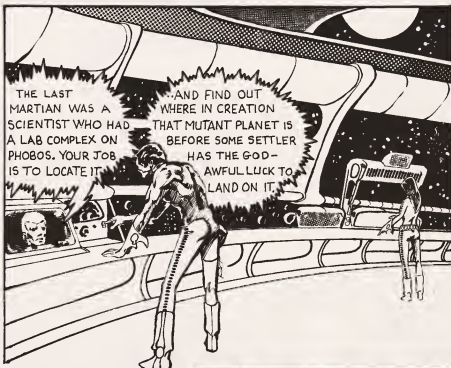
CALHOUN LISTENS ENTHRALLED...



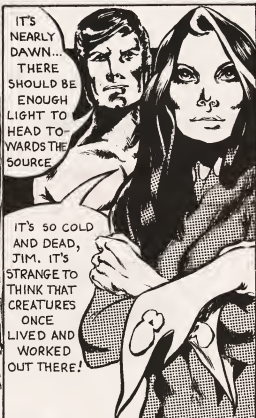
MEANWHILE, ELLESA HAS BEEN SCANNING THE MARTIAN MOON FOR ANY SIGNS OF THE LABORATORY. SUDDENLY....



SOON, TWO SPACE-SUITED FIGURES WADED THROUGH THE SWIRLING GRIT



CALHOUN SETTLES THE SPACE-SHIP INTO THE FREEZING DUST OF THE DESERT TWILIGHT.



SUDDENLY... "UP THERE, A CAVE ENTRANCE!"

SOON...



THE EXPLORERS STEP THROUGH INTO AN EERILY GLOWING HALL

THERE'S NO WAY ACROSS... WE'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN THESE STEPS

THE STEPS ARE CUT DEEP INTO A THIN ARCH! THEY CANNOT EXIST!

DESCENDING THE STEPS, CALHOUN AND ELLESA BEGIN TO FALL IN A CASCADE OF LIGHT GLOBULES

AN AGES OLD MECHANISM TELEPORTS THE GUESTS TO THE CENTRAL INFORMATION CENTRE

SILENCE RINGS IN ELLESA'S EARS

LOOK, THIS MUST BE A LAYOUT OF THE LAB COMPLEX

STAY HERE AND REPORT TO HARDANE OR SOMETHING - I'M GOING IN ALONE!

THEY TREAD THE ANCIENT CORRIDORS TOWARDS THEIR GOAL...

MAKING USE OF A PUBLIC SERVICE LAST USED A MILLION YEARS BEFORE, JIM CALHOUN RUNS THE DATA THROUGH HIS BELT COMPUTER UNTIL AT LAST HE SPEAKS...

THIS ROOM'S THE ONE! IT CONTAINS FULL DATA ON THE PLANET AND THE MUTATED ALIENS, INCLUDING TWO OF THE MUTANTS TAKEN FROM THE PLANET YEARS AFTER THE WAR...

AS ELLESA SHIFTS UNEASILY IN THE CORRIDOR, CALHOUN PREPARES TO PUT A HOLE IN THE DOOR AND ENTER THE MUTANT ROOM.

HE HESITATES... C'MON MAN... YOU'RE GETTING SOFT SURELY YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF A FEW HIDEOUS MUTANTS. WONDER WHAT THE HELL THEY LOOK LIKE

GOOD GOD!

GOD HELP US ALL... THEY'RE HUMAN! WE ARE THE MUTANTS!

CALHOUN STEPS INTO THE GLOOM. HIDDEN SENSORS SNAP ON STRIP LIGHTS.....

THE END

Paul Neary

page The Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, grues-flashes ferreted out by BILL FERET. Monsterdom's answer to Rona Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpups get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flix & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and flend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gosharootie, gang!

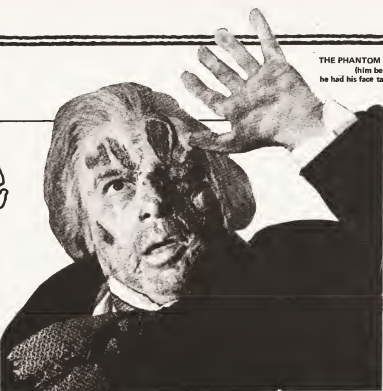
Now that the Movie Industry seems to have been given a shot in the arm, things are really humming over the Teletype. (And I'm not at all sure just what they are or the tune they're humming).



Watch for a French gothic bit of grue titled THE MONK, starring Franco Nero and Nathalie Delon, with a screenplay by... Luis Buñuel, master of 'le sinistre.'

The Elizabeth Taylor - Richard Burton - Peter Ustinov opus HAMMERSMITH is out, is something of a modern version of yodas Faust legend. Faust come, Faust... UGH!

Joseph E. Levine plans to produce a series of films based on THE EXECUTIONER series of paperbacks by Don Pendleton.



Milton Subotsky will produce Robert Bloch's ASYLUM. Pic will be an anthology of Bloch's four short stories. I'm sure you'll recall Mr. Bloch's classic little endeavor entitled PSYCHO. Starring in ASYLUM is an array of horror stars that the screen hasn't seen in... well, at least since... TALES FROM THE CRYPT. (Hmmm!) You'll recognize that fresh newcomer Peter, er, ah, oh yes... Cushing, Herbert Lom (Latest PHANTOM OF THE OPERA), Patrick Magee (MARAT/SADE, CLOCKWORK ORANGE), Britt Ekland, Barbara Parkins (TV'S GHOST STORY, and A TOUCH

COMIC 25¢ Dept

Well, seems as if the government has finally gotten after our friends in the comic publishing business. You remember when Marvel comics went up to 25 cents size for one month, and then the next month went back to the 15 cent size, but then started charging 20 cents for the next 15 cents? Well, The Price and Wage Board decided on April 21st that Marvel's comics had to be 15 cents. Now since comic publishers want to make a big profit, it seems that instead of both companies staying at 15 cents, both companies will probably add a few pages and jack the price a dime. Let's hear it for the Price Board. They help keep the prices down.

OF EVIL), and (super) Charlotte Rampling and Richard Todd (the homicidal maniac in Hitchcock's STAGE FRIGHT). Quite a cast, no?



Italian film due soon will be THE SUMMERTIME KILLER. Suspenser stars Karl Malden, Olivia Hussey, Chris Mitchum, and Claudine Auger.

Bountiful Anita Ekberg joins the ranks of female fiends with her starring role as MALENKA, THE NIECE OF THE VAMPIRE. I'm quite sure 'Blood will be thicker than water' in more ways than one. Also more plentiful.

Filming has already started on the psycho-thriller NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT, the pic is first under the Charlemagne Production banner formed by the partnership of Anthony Nelson Keys and Christopher Lee. Peter Cushing again joins with the prolific Lee and Miss Diana Dors as co-star.

Well, I've finally gotten a complete rundown on Ross Hunter's LOST HORIZON, instead of bits and pieces. Shooting started April 24 in Mt. Hood, Oregon with Peter Finch, Olivia Hussey, George Kennedy, Sally Kellerman (The birdwoman from BREWSTER McLOUD), Michael York (Cabaret) James Shigeta, and Sir John Gielgud as the High Lama. Hal David and Burt Bacharach have composed 11 new songs for the epic. If only the multi-million dollar production can capture the fantasy and surrealism of the legendary Shangri-La hidden high in the mountains of Tibet, what a classic indeed could we add to THE RED SHOES and WIZARD OF OZ and only a sparse few others.

"Every female frog lays 1,000,000 eggs per year... suppose they all hatched!" say the ads for AI's newest flick... FROGS! Hop on over & catch it.

If you weren't fortunate enough to catch the TV special of GHOST STORY, starring Barbara Parkins, you boo... boomed again. True supah! Especially with a screenplay by ever masterful Richard Matheson, and without a happy ending yet. And to rub it in a little more, if you didn't, or present you with some good news if you did... It's gonna be a series. Sebastian Cabot acted as narrator of sorts in this initial episode, with a premise something to the effect of his being a hotel manager in a brooding gothic mansion, and that will carry on to more stories, involving tales of the hotel as well as passing-thru guests. If the scripts equal, or merely approach the first, we're in for some serie entertainment.



For those of us who were lucky enough to see it, VAMPIR, a 1971 Spanish made salute to vampire classics past and present, was shown Friday, May 5 at the Olympic Theatre (Broadway & 107th St.) in Manhattan. A special midnight showing, the movie was eagerly awaited, mainly because it contains some from the as-yet unleased COUNT DRACULA, with Christopher Lee and Herbert Lom. In fact, VAMPIR also has some behind-the-scenes footage from this ultra-rare horror. VAMPIR will soon be making the rounds of fright palaces and college campuses around the country.

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
MAY 14	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
May 26-29 FRI, SAT, SUN & MON	E.C. FAN-ADDICT CONVENTION 2623 Silver Court East Meadow, N.Y. 11554	HOTEL McALPIN Broadway & 34th Street New York City	Various Prices Write For More Information	THE GREATEST HORROR COMIX OF ALL TIME
JUNE 9-11 FRI, SAT, SUN	PULP CON ED. WESSEL BOX 15853, OVERLAND BRANCH ST. LOUIS, MO. 63114	COLONY HOTEL 7730 BON HOMME Clayton, Mo.	\$2-Spt. \$4-Admic. \$6-At Door	PULPS & AUTHORS Philip Jose Farmer Edmond Hamilton & others.
JULY 15 SAT, THRU WED.	NEW YORK COMICON PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available Write Con.	Meet Comic Book and Comic Strip Artists, and THOUSANDS of Fans Like Yourself for 5 DAYS!

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the ramblings, called "fairs," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hype-bragged affairs, we recommend it.

Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-data comics, science fiction pulp, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction fraks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world. OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!



Attention, all comic fans! Did you know that for the past 4 years there has been a Comic Art Convention? This year marks the fifth anniversary of the event, and it's going to be an Super, Ultra-Con. The first 8-day convention in history, July 1 thru 5 at New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. Over 3,000 fans are expected to attend and have a great time seeing their favorite artists, writers and original artwork.

Like previous cons, there will be dealer's tables, slide shows, panel discussions, special guest speakers, art displays, auctions, masquerade, parties. Only now, there will be more of everything, and some super-surprises, too. The program-booklet, like the Con will also be big...96 pages worth of Golden Age and ultra-new art, eds from the leading comic dealers across the country, and features about your favorite comic people.

The Statler Hilton Hotel is located across from Pennsylvania Station, just one stop from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Additional information on the 1972 Comic Art Convention can be obtained from the Convention Chairman, Mr. Phil Seuling. Write to him at 621 Avenue Z, Brooklyn, New York 11223. We'll be looking forward to meeting a lot of our fiendish fans there!

Alfred Leone has completed production on the already announced **BARON BLOOD** with Joseph Cotten and Elke Sommer starred. He now is starting pre-camera-work negotiations on a suspense-thriller, **THE DEVIL AND THE DEAD** with Telly Savalas and Elke Sommer set, and possibly to co-star with the incomparable Bette Davis. Next he has lined up another thriller called **HENRY AND JANET**, and after that a film entitled **UNTIL THE LAST DROP** described as a film of science terror involving embryos? **ATTACK OF THE GIANT BABIES?**

SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE lenses this summer in Spain, produced by Charles Schnerr, after which he enters a co-production with Hammer on **CAPTAIN KRONOS**.

THERMOC will be about an ordinary man who's grown tired of his consumer society and tries to recreate a canine existence in his Paris apartment. Veteran French actor Michel Piccoli will be taking on the club and nightclub.

Next James Bond pic to roll before the cameras will be **in Fleming's LIVE AND LET DIE**. No actor has been set to play the illustrious Bond, though both Roger Moore and John Gavin are under consideration.



Ax me no questions, but I'll tell you anyway about Robert Mulligan's next film project. He's currently winding up shooting of his terror tale **THE OTHER**, based on the book by Tom Tryon. He then plans to do a biography on none other than busy Lizzie Borden. He's presently scouting for locations in New England.

And if the vicious and the movie Voodoo-drum up business for the movie moguls, Television isn't all that far behind.

Ghost-hunter extraordinaire, Hans Holzer, has quite appropriately just finished a new book entitled "GHOSTS OF HOLLYWOOD," and with that he shall go into his own syndicated tv series, **HAUNTED** for 20th-Fox TV. It'll be a blend of documentation and realistic recreation of some of the psychic and spectral experiences that Mr. Holzer has uncovered. Perhaps another apt title for the show might have been: **HANS HOLZER, HAUNTER HUNTER**.

And if you're ready - take a look at the new Japanese-produced series **THE SPACE GIANTS!** We've got a sneak preview story...

Columbia will be releasing "Z.P.G." Oliver Reed (**CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**) and Geraldine Chaplin are



starred in this futuristic flick which bears something of a resemblance to **THX 1138**, maybe a little too M.U.C.H.

ALL ABOUT THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CONVENTION

In case all of you E.C. comic freaks don't know by now... There will be an entire convention devoted to those great E.C. comics of the 1950's. We here at the Monster Times have been able to get some of the inside dope for you guys... so, lend an ear! The con will be held at the Hosi McAlpin over the Memorial Day Weekend (May 26 to 29). The Hotel, as any frantic New Yorker knows, is located at Broadway and 34th Street... only a few blocks from where Kong met his demise atop the Empire State.

The con will get under way on Friday at 6:00 pm on the Mezz level of the Hotel where the initial registration will get you into the whole show. Registration for a single day is \$20.00 or you can attend for all four days for only \$50.00. Registration payable at the door or can be mailed in to the address below.

This con promises to be an E.C. Fan Addict's dream. Most of the original E.C. artists and writers will be there... including Bill Gaines, Al Feldstein, Wallis Wood, Al Williamson, Reed Crandall, George Evans, and many others. In addition there will be a room of original E.C. art, a huge dealers room where lots of E.C. comics will be on sale, panel discussions with the E.C. writers and artists PLUS the con will be screening the movie "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" on all four days.

For more info on this gale event write to E.C. Fan-Addict Convention, 2623 Silver Ct., East Meadow, N.Y. 11554

Tony Perkins is a smash in **Paras** with film **TEN DAY WONDER**. They say this suspense master plays his performance in **PSYCHO**.

George Lazenby, the only non-Connelly James Bond, will star along with Adolf Cell, Connelly's Thunderball nemesis, in a film called **WHO SAW HARRY DIE?**

MOVIE POSTERS

PRESSBOOKS • STILLS • PROGRAMS
Actual Posters Used By Theatres
Thousands of Titles Available
CATALOG \$1.00 (Refunded with order)
The Cinema Attic • Department L
P.O. Box 7772 • Phila., Pa. 19101

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big-Little books, dealers, collectors: and The Monster Times folk! Every "SECOND SUNDAY" at the Statler-Hilton, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10AM to 4PM. Admission \$1.00

SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR

Reference Guide to Fantastic Films.

20,000 Listings; 50 Countries; 75 Years; Extensive Information; Thorough Cross-References. For a content sample send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Walt Lee, P.O. Box 86273, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

WANTED—Old radio and comic premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to: MTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.

...HE MOVES, EASILY, AND THE MISSILE STREAKS BY HIS HEAD... BUT, THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS ME FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENGULFS HIS THROAT... I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT, AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK...



...THE OGRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT I CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR... THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENGULFS MY BROW AND THE OGRE SCREAMS... HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE... TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD...



Two panels from **BADTIME STORIES**, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Beneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book: **BADTIME STORIES**. Regular readers of **THE MONSTER TIMES** know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's **FRANKENSTEIN** in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circifical of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanest of whites, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, Wright-on-BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in **MONSTER TIMES** No. 6, relieved so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-shilling black and white artwork inside. It's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into **THE MONSTER TIMES** folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's wittingly weird workmanship whets my wish-craft for his weebeone world! Rush...copies of **BADTIME STORIES** at \$5.00 per copy plus 50¢ postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to **THE MONSTER TIMES** BOX 595 New York, N.Y. 10011

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MUSHROOM MONSTERS

Continued from page 19

lasting merit. Maybe the presence of the Bomb itself and the very real threat of world annihilation knocked the stuffing out of what French critic Andre Bazin called the "mummy complex," i.e., the artist's impulse to insure his immortality through his work. For one thing, mummies are no longer safe, and artistic mummies will go down with the rest of us if the Hollywood-promised holocaust ever takes place. But the root of all this evil is probably money. The Bomb was generally exploited by quickie producers aiming to cash in on the craze while the threat was hellfire hot and the fear volume turned up to maximum. After the threat had become accepted, or at least internalized, by the American public, the mushroom monster epics began to disappear in favor of mod violence flicks like **BONNIE & CLYDE**, **A CLOCKWORK**

ORANGE, **STRAW DOGS**, and their ilk and a return to horror stalwarts like **Dracula** and **Frankenstein**, the personality monsters of the 30's since inherited by our friends of last issue; Hammer Films. Only in Japan does the Bomb still inspire the birth of malcontents like **Godzilla**, **Mothra**, **Ghida**, **Gammera**, **Varan** the Unbelievable and the rest, and even here the emphasis had shifted from the causes to the antics of the anything-for-a-laugh creatures themselves.

But at least a handful of worthy classics were spawned by the bomb. America is represented by flicks like **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN**, **CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS**, **DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL**, **DR. STRANGELOVE**, and effective sequences from other films (most notably the countdown scene that concluded **FAIL-SAFE** with a bang), while England chipped in with Joseph Losey's **THE DAMNED**, Peter Brooks' **LORD OF THE FLIES**, and Peter Watkins' **WAR GAME**. One critic once remarked that "Nothing dates a drama or film faster than an outmoded war" and the Cold War is no exception to that rule. But, even if we never live to get the chance to shake the hand of a real Mushroom Monster, we can rest content that they will continue to thrive in television sets all over the world, and usually on the worst stations...

Filmography

★ WARNING FILMS ★

(FROM SPACE)

Cape Canaveral Monsters - 1960 - With Scott Peters, Jason Johnson.

Cosmic Man - 1959 - Herbert Greene. With John Carradine, Bruce Bennett.

Day The Earth Stood Still - 1951 - Robert Wise. With Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Flight That Disappeared - 1961 - Reginald LeBorg. With Craig Hill, Paula Raymond.

Forbidden Planet - 1956 - Fred M. Wilcox. With Walter Pidgeon.

Killers From Space - 1954 - W. Lee Wilder. With Peter Graves, Barbara Bestar.

Plan 9 From Outer Space - 1956 - Edward D. Wood. With Gregory Walcott, Bela Lugosi, Vampira, Tor Johnson.

Teenagers From Outer Space - 1959 - Tom Graeff. With David Love.

27th Day - 1957 - William Asher. With Gene Barry.

(FROM WITHIN)

Atomic City - 1952 - Jerry Hopper. With Gene Barry.

The Damned - 1961 - Joseph Losey. With MacDonald Carey, Shirley Anne Field, Oliver Reed.

Dr. Strangelove - 1964 - Stanley Kubrick. With Peter Sellers, Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott, Keenan Wynn.

Fail-Safe - 1964 - Sidney Lumet.

With Henry Fonda, Walter Matthau.

Fearmakers - 1958 - Jacques Tourneur. With Dana Andrews.

Invasion USA - 1953 - With Gerald Mohr, Peggy Castle.

Lost Missile - 1958 - Lester W. Berke. With Robert Loggia.

Magnetic Monster - 1953 - Curt Siodmak. With Richard Carlson.

Night The World Exploded - 1957 - With William Leslie, Kathryn Grant.

Red Hell And Two Below Zero - 1962 - William Faralla. With Basil Rathbone, Mary Murphy.

Red Menace - 1949 - R. G. Springsteen. With Robert Rockwell.

Red Planet Mars - 1952 - Harry Horner. With Peter Graves, Marvin Miller.

Rocket Attack USA - 1961 - Barry Mahon.

Seven Days In May - 1964 - John Frankenheimer. With Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.

Teenage Zombies - 1960 - Jerry Warren. With Don Sullivan.

Underwater City - 1961 - Frank MacDonald. With William Lundigan.

Voyage To The Bottom of the Sea - 1961 - Irwin Allen. With Peter Lorre, Walter Pidgeon.

(FROM GOD)

Next Voice You Hear - 1950 - William Wellman. With James Whitmore.

"Hi... I'm BIRDAURUS.
Fly Me to Tokyo!"

BY ALLAN
ASHERMAN

THE SPACE GIANTS

There'll be some super exciting and colorful goings-on coming your way soon, when **THE SPACE GIANTS** premieres on American TV.

Created in Japan, **THE SPACE GIANTS** has a generous assortment of nasties, and most of them are from outer space... way-out space!

The story begins when Tom Mura, ace reporter, receives a visit from a super-smart-space-scientist named Rodak. Unfortunately Rodak is not one of the good guys in this series, but is classy enough



"If you elect me," promises the DEADLY DROX. "I'll clean up this crummy neighborhood." And by the time he's through stomping the real estate, he'll HAVE to



Photographer Lit,
and ace reporter Tom...
What a team for
The Monster Times!

"I'll huff,
and I'll puff,
and I'll
drop a rock
on your foot,"
snarls TARON
the Terrible.



to read Mura's ace reporting. Because Tom's such a good writer, Rodak realizes he's the one who should spread the news that he plans to take over our planet, Earth. (Rodak, it seems, thinks our planet is the most beautiful in the galaxy... wonder what neighborhoods he's been spying on lately?) Oh... if you're wondering what newspaper Tom Mura writes



RANAUTIS, the only Speed-Out Porcupine to visit Earth, gets ready to pounce on Golden GOLDAR as he gets ready to use a little space-karate on Rodak's prickly puppet.



"And now, in this corner, presenting... ME... the 50 foot Golden Giant GOLDAR, against RANAUTIS... the spaced-out porcupine monster!"



The ruthless, rattle-raising RODAK has come a-visitin' the Mura family. See how happy they are to receive their eager guest!

for, put your mind to rest. What other paper gets circulated into outer space except The Monster Times, of course!

Just as Mura is ready to go see a good headshrinker, there's another visit for him, this time from a white-bearded, nice-guy space scientist named Matuslah. He's read reporter Tom's stuff, too, and has decided that Mura is the lucky Earth-man who will get to hear all his troubles.

Matuslah's troubles aren't very many... just one, namely Rodak. To help fight Rodak and his evil, artificially created giant monsters, Matuslah has created Goldar (... it seems to get more confusing all the time).

Goldar, over 50 feet worth of metallic goodness. And, just so Goldar won't get lonely, Matuslah also makes him a 50-foot wife, Silver (silver and gold always did go together rather nicely), and a son, Gam.

Gam gets to be good pals with Miko Mura, Tom's son (Wow! it really does get confusing). Sometimes the two boys go wandering off, and usually become involved in some new scheme of Rodak's.

Rodak's base of operations is his giant, orbiting spaceship. Equipped

with an ultra-advanced laboratory, Rodak can manufacture living, giant monsters and send them to topple Earth's biggest cities (although they'll usually attack Tokyo). Or, when he has nothing more exciting to do, he'll come down here himself to supervise things, or kidnap, steal, destroy or threaten.

Because of the special effects, miniatures and color involved, something like *SPACE GIANTS* could never have been produced in America. The quality is advertised as being theatrical, and in fact the

people who are syndicating the series mention that it's possible to program it as 13 feature-length films. Following the lead of *LOST IN SPACE* and *BATMAN*, some of the



"I want my mommy!" cries MOLESAUR. He doesn't seem the fearless Monster he was, before GOLDAR busted him up.



Poor flying VACUMA can't seem to find landing space anywhere. Oh, well... guess he'll just have to settle for crushing a few buildings!

episodes are complete in themselves, while others are serialized and depend upon the following ones for an ending. Anyway the people who are making the show available to TV say that the episodes **MUST** be shown in their numerical order (Each one has built-in coming attractions for the next story). So be careful... if you don't watch them in the right order, you may get as confused about the story as you probably are about this article... or worse yet, you may even get Rodak mad at you.

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"This was once a beautiful world," explains Exeter, "...before our war with Zahgon." Ghosts of mountains and riverbeds, empty pitted spots where mighty cities once stood. But Metaluna still lives. Its cities have escaped underground. As a Zahgon ship directs a meteor toward their vessel, Exeter's huge spaceship escapes down through one of the entrances into this underground world.



Though the time is short, and Exeter must report to The Monitor without delay, Cal and Ruth cannot help but notice what a strange world Metaluna is... and what a beautiful one it once must have been. Now even the underground city is in danger, for before their horrified eyes, the first Zahgon attack pierces Metaluna's defenses.



THIS ISLAND, EARTH

Continued from page 5

damaged by meteors, explaining that, before the war, Metaluna thrived above the ground.

THE MONITOR

Ancient and absolute ruler of the planet, The Monitor resided imposingly upon his throne in the center of a large government complex. Regarding the visitors from earth as little more than necessary annoyances, he uttered the words that would seal their fate:

"I'm certain your minds have difficulty in grasping this transition from earth to Metaluna. Shortly, we can expect Zahgon to commence and sustain an all-out attack. Our ionization layer must be maintained until our relocation is effective."

"Relocation?" queries Cal.

"To your earth."

"A peaceful relocation," Exeter adds quickly. "We hope to live in harmony with the citizens of your planet."

But Meacham, remembering the destruction of the Georgian installation and the death of Steve, reacts with hostility.

Inside the Monitor's Chamber, where the last defense of Metaluna is being conducted, Telepathy keeps the Monitor in touch with his ships. He knows the end of his planet is finally at hand... in moments, perhaps, the Zahgon meteors will strike his palace. Then all will be lost for his world. Not wanting to be bothered with Terrans at this terrible moment, he tells Exeter to remove them to the Thought Control chamber. "...You don't understand these people," Exeter tells him. "I've lived upon their world..." But the Monitor repeats his order.

"It is indeed typical," says the Monitor, "that you earth people refuse to believe in the superiority of any world but your own. Children looking into a magnifying glass, imagining that the image you see is the image of your true size. Do you still insist, Exeter, that we

can allow any of these earth creatures to have free minds?"

"I do. I know them. I've lived with him."

"You have wasted our time. Take them to the Thought Transference Chamber."

THE MONSTERS OF METALUNA

At the entrance to the mind-mangling Thought Transference Chamber, Meacham rebels, pushing Exeter aside and racing with Ruth to the end of the corridor. As they rush toward freedom, a dark shadow at the far end of the passage moves and a living nightmare turns the corner to block their way. Eight feet of arthropodic animosity, head five times normal size with the pulsating brain completely exposed. Half-human, half-insect, these mutants had been bred by the citizens of Metaluna to do menial tasks. Now this creature,

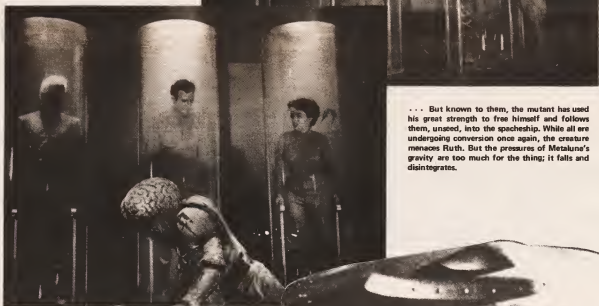
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Momentarily menaced by the last mutant on Metaluna, Exeter protects his friends and gets gored for his trouble. An instant later, a Zahgon meteor wounds the beast. Unseen by all, the mutant crawls into the spaceship.

Only one of the hideous mutants survives on Metaluna. Knowing that Exeter has disobeyed the Monitor's instructions and is aiding the Earth people to escape to their own planet, the monster tries to attack them all. But a Zahgon blast traps the beast under a shattered wall. Exeter and his friends get safely inside their ship...



... But known to them, the mutant has used his great strength to free himself and follows them, unaced, into the spaceship. While all are undergoing conversion once again, the creature menaces Ruth. But the pressures of Metaluna's gravity are too much for the thing; it falls and disintegrates.

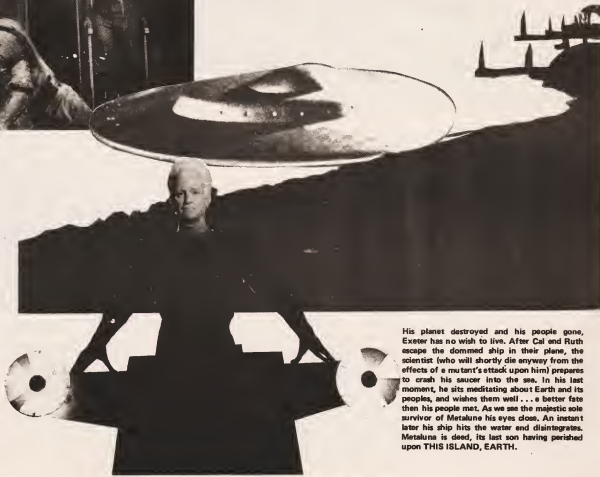
extending an elongated claw-tipped arm, guards the exit.

Fate, as if to offer them the only way out, sends two giant Zahgon meteors crashing through the force field onto the city nearby. Crumbling bits of rock and rubble bury the mutant and, when the smoke clears, a repentant Exeter offers to help Cal and Ruth back to the saucer. As meteors crash all about them, the trio make it to the spacecraft, only to find the entrance blocked by a wounded mutated monstrosity. Exeter manages to draw its attention while Cal and Ruth enter the craft. Lashing out a vicious spiked claw, the insect-thing mauls Exeter, then follows him as he limps into the open hatch. With great effort, Exeter manages to take off and escape into the planet's atmosphere, warding off several attacks by Zahgon ships as they send meteors hurtling toward them. Safely into space, they witness the total failure of the ionization layer. Hundreds of meteors bombard the planet's surface, turning

Metaluna into a blazing new sun. With his characteristic idealism, Exeter hopes that his world might still serve some useful purpose by providing light and heat for some other planet.

Without Conversion, the transition from Metaluna to earth would cause instant disintegration. As they enter the large glass tubes, they are unaware that their unwanted passenger, the wounded mutant, is creeping steadily toward the control room. Ruth completes Conversion first and is barely released from the magnetic field in time to escape the bone-crushing claws of the monster. Desperately trying to avoid its reach, she rushes around the tubes in which Exeter and Meacham are kept immobile. Finally succumbing to the tremendous pressure, the creature drops to the floor and decomposes into dust.

Entering the earth's atmosphere, Cal and Ruth try to convince their pilot to return with them. Mourning his dead planet, Exeter sends them to their plane and releases it over the ocean. As they watch, the saucer and its occupant burst into flames and plummet into the water. The adventure is over and, for Meacham and Ruth, it is a new beginning.



His planet destroyed and his people gone, Exeter has no wish to live. After Cal and Ruth escape the doomed ship in their plane, the scientist (who will shortly die anyway from the effects of a mutant's attack upon him) prepares to crash his saucer into the sea. In his last moment, he sits meditating about Earth and its people, and wishes them well... a better fate than his people met. As we see the majestic sole survivor of Metaluna his eyes close. An instant later his ship hits the water and disintegrates. Metaluna is dead, its last son having perished upon THIS ISLAND, EARTH.

the monster times

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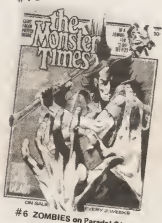
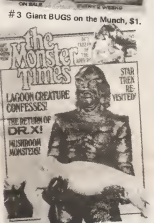
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